

Blood on the streets

By: Olive Martin

I fall to the ground, my head hitting the unforgiving concrete in the process. Seconds ago I was in my home relaxing. I have been expecting this though, but not this soon. I haven't had time to be able to process all of this. I don't move from the ground. I'm not sure if it's from the shock or the tiredness. I hear footsteps coming towards me and a man's loud voice said, "What business have you here?". I look up and see a tall man looking down towards me. I get up and in one quick move I pick up all of my belongings and say "Sorry sir it won't happen again." Frightened, I quickly walk off and pick up my pace. This place is nothing like California. It's colder, there are strange angry men roaming around, and everyone seems anxious around here. I don't know how long I'll be here and what my purpose here is yet but all I know is I need sleep.

I shiver as the frigid air is hitting me. Luckily, I packed appropriate clothes for this weather as I knew it was colder than in my home, California. If I thought it was cold in California during the winter then I don't know how I would've felt now. Due to the fact that I live in sunny California I don't have much for winter clothes. I knew the place might be cold but I was not expecting bone chilling cold. I am regretting not buying a better coat and now I have to deal with the consequences of that. I shiver and thought, "I need to find a store for a coat."

As I'm pacing to find a store I realize how anxious people really are around here. Before I was too focused on the lack of sleep from the anxiety of coming here. As I'm

walking I spot a clothing store that's a bit run down. I walk in, a rush of warm air hitting me in the process. The man behind the counter notices me and gives me a nod. "What dost ye looking for?". "I am in search of a winter coat." The man walks out from the counter and brings me over to the coat section. "There is a bargain upon all the rack" says the man as he walks away back to the counter. Meanwhile, as I'm skimming through the coats, all of them seem so heavy. Back in California I don't even need a coat, especially not one like this. All of a sudden, I hear some sort of ruckus coming closer. I look over to the man who seems frightened, he rushes over to the curtains and closes them causing the whole store to go black. "What is the commotion out there?", I say frightened, "Protesters have gathered outside and this might cause a riot. Confused, I say, "For what cause do these protests stand?". He raises an eyebrow, "Are you new to these parts?". "You could say that" I laugh. I finally found the perfect coat, thick but not too bulky. I walk over to the counter handing the coat to him. "Be careful out there, reckless."

I walked out thinking about the man's reaction to the protesting and why he wouldn't tell me what was going on. There has to be some reason I was chosen to be here and I need to find out why. As I'm walking back to my place, I come across the protesters from earlier. As I'm looking at them, I realize whatever they are very passionate about what they are protesting about. As I make my way up my stairs, all of the lack of sleep is catching up to me. I finally made it to my bedroom. My head hits the pillow as I fall into bed, the yelling of the protesters in the background continues. The weight of my eyelids are starting to pull them closed and then suddenly I'm back in my car in the parking lot of my school.

I look around dumbfounded, "What the hell.." I say out loud as my mouth is wide open. I smack myself in the face as they do in the movies but I'm very much here. I smile and say, "This is where I wanna be." I get out of the car and rush towards school as I hear the bell ringing. I rush into school and see Lacy and I yell "Im back!!". She laughs and says, "How crazy we haven't seen each other since yesterday". I look at her dumbfounded. "How do I even explain? " I think. "Also why haven't you been answering my texts? I need your help on this homework." "Took a nap" I said shocked as we walked to our first period. As we head into History, Mr. Ryan's class, he's already yelling at kids. I laugh thinking how I would've wanted to be anywhere else but Mr. Ryan's class and now I am relieved to be here. The yelling of Mr. Ryan makes me feel at ease knowing that I'm really back and everything's normal.

I get out our assignment and begin reading "Boston Massacre " as I'm browsing, there are some key things that start sticking out to me. The textbook describes how days before the Massacre, how tense it was in Boston and about the protests. The thing that really caught my eye though was when the textbook had stated the street name of where the massacre was "King Street." I realized that was the street where I got my coat and where the protesting had been happening. I've had dreams before but they had never felt that real and I usually never remember my dreams. The relaxation I felt before this is now gone. I'm practically shaking. Was there a reason I was brought there? Was that dream trying to tell me something? I put my head down in an attempt to calm myself so nobody can notice my distress. I figure I might as well get a small nap In and right now that I have a good reason

for an escape. The voices of the kids start slowly drifting away and my eyes can barely stay open anymore. I don't fight it and I drift off.

I start feeling dizzy and this confuses me as I'm asleep but still conscious. It's like my whole world is spinning and then I fall to the ground. I knew I made a mistake falling asleep. It's almost like my body was forcing me to fall asleep. I bolted up, disoriented, heart racing knowing what nightmare I've gotten myself into again. I wake up and I'm back where I fell asleep. It's gotten darker in the last couple of hours. As I get up, I notice muffled yelling and I know that's my cue. I rush out grabbing the winter coat I had bought earlier and I scramble down the stairs careful not to fall. I rush down King Street running and up ahead I spot the angry mob. I get nervous, not sure what I'm getting myself into. I walk up to the crowd inserting myself in. As I'm doing so, one of the protesters pushes me and says, "Watch where you going there.". The voices are very muffled but all of the sudden I hear a shot and the bullets are peppering the crowd. I duck and hide behind whatever I can. People are running and suddenly, I crash into the ground. I cover my head, there are feet inches away from my head and suddenly a big boot stomps on my head and it goes black.

